

And comes not in, ouer-rulde by Prophecies,  
I feare the power of *Percy* is too weake,  
To wage an instant tryall with the King.

*Sir M.* Why, my good Lord, you need not feare,  
There is *Douglas*, and Lord *Mortimer*,

*Arch.* No, *Mortimer* is not there.

*Sir M.* But there is *Mordake*, *Vernon*, *L. Harry Percy*,  
And there is my Lord of *Worcester*, and a head  
Of gallant warriours, noble Gentlemen.

*Arch.* And so there is, but yet the King hath drawne  
The speciall head of all the land together.  
The *Prince of Wales*, Lord *Iohn of Lancaster*,  
The noble *Westmerland*, and warlike *Blunt*;  
And many moe *Coriuales*, and deare men  
Of estimation, and command in armes.

*Sir M.* Doubt not my Lord, he shalbe well oppos'd,

*Arch.* I hope no lesse; yet, needfull 'tis to feare,  
And to prevent the worst, *Sir Michell*, speed:

For if Lord *Percy* thriue not ere the King  
Dismiss his power, he meanes to visit vs,  
For he hath heard of our confederacie;

And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him:  
Therefore make haste, I must goe write againe

To other friends, and so farewell, *Sir Michell*. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, Earle  
of Westmerland, sir Walter Blunt, and Falstaffe.*

*King.* How bloodily the Sunne begins to peere;  
Aboue yon buskie hill, the day lookes pale  
At his distemperature.

*Prince.* The Southerne winde  
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,  
And by hollow whistling in the leaues,  
Foretels a tempest and a blustering day.

*King.* Then with the losers let it sympathize,  
For nothing can seeme foule to those that winne.

*The Trumpet sounds. Enter Worcester.*

*King.* How now my Lord of *Worcester*? 'tis not well;  
That you and I should meet vpon such tearmes,

As now we meete. You haue de  
And made vs doffe our easie Ro  
To crush our old vncasie lims in  
This is not well, my Lord, this is  
What say you to it? will you aga  
This churlish knot of all abhor  
And moue in that obedient orb  
Where you did giue a faire and  
And be no more an exhal'd Met  
A prodigie of feare, and a porte  
Of broched mischiefe to the vn

*Wor.* Heare mee, my Liege:

For mine owne part, I could be  
To entertaine the lag-end of my  
With quiet houres: For I prote  
I haue not sought the day of this

*King.* You haue not sought

*Fals.* Rebellion lay in his way

*Prince.* Peace, Chewet peace

*Wor.* It please your Maiesty  
Of fauour, from my selfe, and al  
And yet I must remember you n  
We were the first and dearest of y  
For you, my Staffe of office did  
In *Richards* time, and posted day  
To meete you on the way, and k  
When yet you were in place, and  
Nothing so strong and fortunato  
It was my selfe, my Brother, and  
That brought you home, and be  
The danger of the time. You sw  
And you did sweare that Oath at  
That you did nothing of purpos  
Nor claime no further, then you  
The seate of *Gant*, Dukedome of  
To this, we sweare our ayde: but  
It rained downe Fortune showing  
And such a floud of Greatnesse fe